

Honorable Arun Subramanian  
United States District Court  
500 Pearl Street  
New York, NY 10007

Dear Judge Subramanian.

At about 6am on May 7<sup>th</sup>, 2024, I heard continuous loud banging at my apartment door. I was in bed. Despite the loud whirling emanating from the air conditioner unit, I was able to feel the reverberations of the pounding coming from the apartment door and into the bedroom. Unclothed, I went to the door to see who could be causing such a commotion at this time?

Through the peephole, I saw that there were four men standing outside my door,—donned in bulletproof vests. I felt the color and warmth dissipate from my skin.

I eventually went back to the bedroom, crying, I got myself dressed. I surrendered myself, along with my cellphone and passport to the agents.

It has been ten months since my first and only arrest in life. Not a sliver of a day's moment relieves me from the pangs of remorse and regret for what I had done. I have strived to create as much healed distance from where I came from in life, to where I have wanted the remainder of my life to look. And none of that ever involved breaking the law. Despite growing up in close proximity to all sorts of crimes and violations in New York City during my formative years in the early 90s, I vowed to do things the right way.

I left home at the age of seventeen to live with my first partner, who was twenty-four years my senior. It no longer felt safe for me to be at my family home. My older brother's physical abusive behavior throughout the years had become intolerable and dangerous. And so, I sought out refuge elsewhere. Even if it meant entering an intergenerational relationship at such a young age. Whose age gap and power dynamic quickly revealed itself to be nefarious.

Through the muck and mud of life, I've always tried to embrace and share vibrant moments of joy with others as best I could. I managed to finance my own education, while paying rent in the home of my aforementioned relationship—which lasted nearly ten years. I was able to study abroad in Paris, while pursuing my Bachelor's degree in International Trade & Marketing, with a minor in French, from the Fashion Institute of Technology, here in New York City. This was the first time that, apart from trips to the Dominican Republic, someone in my family had ever travelled outside of the country. And more significantly I am the first in my family to have completed a Bachelor's degree. All of this I was able to accomplish on my own, proudly so.

I am not even someone who litters on the street. Even if there may be trash scattered about and it is night time, and no one is looking. Admirable though this may be, those values are totally incongruous with the behavior that brings me before this court. I knew what I was doing was wrong. I felt it. My personal circumstances at the time do not excuse nor negate the gravity of my wrongdoing.

From an early age I chartered a path for myself to be an upstanding citizen in society and be a considerate human being in this world which we all share. I am accountable for my conduct. I am fearful of what the remainder of my life looks like, as a convicted felon. This worry has caused me to increase my therapy sessions to twice a week, and to increase my Lexapro medication as well.

Your Honor. I can assure you and the people of this nation that I am profoundly remorseful for violating laws that are designed to protect us all. The lessons that are to be learned from my actions greet me first thing in the morning when I open my eyes. They're with me, and weighing on me all day long. The consequences of my actions keep me up all through the night. Whatever additional measures your Honor sees fit to impose will be obeyed.

The airline industry was this wanderlust's home. And the employees were my chosen family. It pains me dearly to have made decisions that led to its end. This federal case is the first thing that comes up if you google my name. The reports of my crime garnered month's-long attention as they were carried by various media outlets, resulting in endless phone calls, texts, messages from colleagues from my former airline, and subsequent others. My disgrace was all those within the airline industry mentioned. The message was clear. The consequences were clear. I am an airline employee that committed an illegal action. I am the human that made terrible mistakes. I deeply regret what I have done. Whatever my sentence, I will be paying for it by having lost my cherished job and as a felon, future prospects of decent employment.

Respectfully,  
Jarol Fabio

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'Jarol Fabio', with a long, sweeping flourish extending upwards and to the right.